Volume XCII No. 16 January 22, 1971 40 cents

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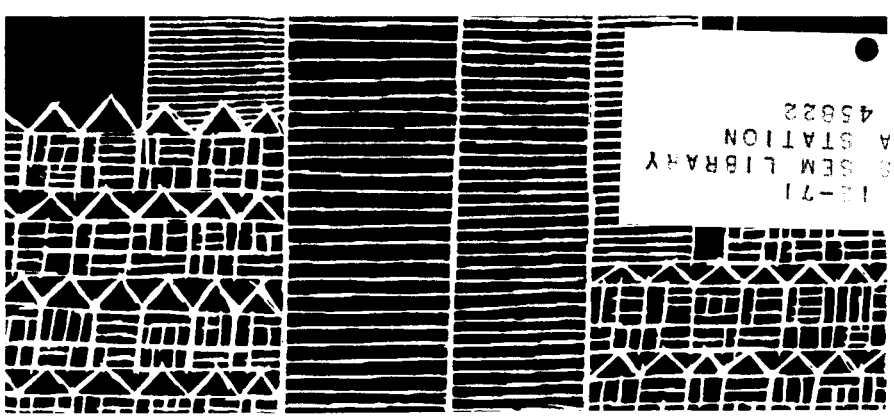
A STROKE OF THE PEN

BETWEEN THE THREAT OF
A GROWING GHETTO AND THE
PROMISE OF OPEN HOUSING
STANDS . . . THE PRESIDENT

ARTHUR SIMON



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RELIGION AND HIGHER EDUCATION
MICHAEL NOVAK

THE DAY THEY STOLE THE AGNEW
PETER STEINFELS

CIRCUSES OF MERTONS
JAMES FOREST

THE AUTHORITY OF FAILURE
RALPH McINERNY

ALSO: **FAREWELL NOTES** GERALD WEALES
PENNMANSHIP COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.
SOUTH AFRICAN VIOLENCE MALCOLM MAGEE
ELIZABETH CULLINAN RICHARD ELMAN

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NEWS & VIEWS

The Reins in Spain

"It's a facile catchphrase . . . It's a Manichean proposition."

That's the Abbot of Montserrat's assessment of the old Spanish proposition that the only alternative to Franco is Communism. It's an assessment which underscores not merely the new outspokenness of the Spanish clergy, but the ideological distance which now separates the younger from the older prelates in that country.

The abbot in question is Dom Cassia Just, 44, at whose monastery in the mountains outside Barcelona Catalan intellectuals gathered last month to draw up their manifesto denouncing Franco.

In a *Le Monde* interview which is sure to spell more trouble for the new-breed Benedictine, Dom Cassia dismissed the easy rhetoric of the regime about a world where everything is black or white, with Spain torn between the good and the wicked.

"It is no simple choice between the regime and anarchy," Dom Cassia said. "The actual situation is far more complex. When members of the government ask us not to step out of our role, when they ask the church not to involve itself in politics, I tell them that is not the issue.

"I remind them that as Catholics we must be on the side of the oppressed, of those who suffer. It is our duty to proclaim the truth, always and everywhere. There is so much lying and hyprocrisy in Spain today . . .

"We must continue to explain patiently to Christians who see political motivations behind our words that it is impossible to keep silent and remain true to the Gospel. The Gospel is, after all, political too, isn't it? The church cannot continue to be a partner of a regime which has sent men before a firing squad for their ideas and executed Catholics for the sole crime of being against Franco."

Dom Cassia, it is recalled, helped draft the letter circulated among the Spanish hierarchy after Franco's proclamation of the latest state of emergency, in which attention was drawn to the plight of political prisoners and the bishops were begged to take an unequivocal stand in the name of Christianity and the church.

Only three members of the Episcopal Conference ever acknowledged the letter.

North of the Border

Last Post, Montreal newsweekly which, in the *New York Times'* words, "seems eager to become the Canadian equivalent" of *Ramparts*, labels the Quebec nationalism situation "the Santo Domingo of Pierre Elliott Trudeau."

"Initially," says *Last Post*, "Trudeau attempted a policy which depended on broad support in Quebec. The policy failed because that support did not exist. The result was a new policy—a policy of making a virtual desert of all opposition in Quebec, radical, liberal, nationalist, even, in some cases, conservative. The instruments of that policy were the War Measures Act and its successor.

"This policy too depends on public support, this time the blind, uninformed support of English Canadians. It cannot succeed without their support. They are being used as pawns in a cynical and destructive game.

"English Canadians must decide whether they are willing to be used in that way."

As for the future, *Last Post* sees "a long winter of silence" descending on Quebec, then "the explosion of fettered national and class grievances stewing among the unemployed, the young, the poor, the intellectuals, the labor movement."

In other words, the big crisis is still to come.

Honors for Callahan

The same week in which Andrew Greeley was scorning Dan Callahan's book *Abortion: Law, Choice and Morality* as "murky and inconclusive," Dan Herr was announcing that the 1970 Thomas More Medal for the "most distinguished contribution to Catholic literature" was being awarded to Callahan for said work.

"The book is a fully documented and comprehensive study of abortion attitudes, laws and actual practice throughout the world," said Herr, president of the Thomas More Association. "It provides a desperately needed perspective for legislators, moralists, civic leaders, doctors, nurses, parents (to be or not to be)."

He could have added sociologists (divine).

Huffaker, *News & Observer*, Raleigh, N.C.

"This is ridiculous. Get me Ervin's file."

The Catholic Press

Another one's gone.

Schema XIII, launched last January as a magazine "for the priest in the modern world," got to Vol. 1, No. 6, then quietly suspended publication.

The magazine never caught on. It was envisioned as a progressive alternative to *The Priest*, the more conservative OSV publication geared for clergy. But it came through flat.

Schema XIII aimed for a circulation of 10-12,000. It never approached that. Its sworn circulation, according to the new *Catholic Press Directory*, was a weak 3,674.

Odds and Ends

—A year-end Gallup Poll provided statistics on an issue which is classified information in all but the highest Catholic councils: church attendance. According to Gallup, Sunday church-going, which involved 71 percent of Catholics in 1964, was down to 60 percent in 1970, and perhaps headed toward the lows of Protestants (38 percent) and Jews (19 percent). A statistic supporting the latter assumption: the church habits of young adults. Only 32 percent attend weekly.

—Renewal's got a bit out of hand in Trenton, obviously. Survey Report V in *The Monitor's* study of the beliefs and attitudes of Catholics of the diocese says that 71 percent subscribe "completely" to item eight: "Every person has an immoral soul which will live after death forever."

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Economic Galileos

New York, N. Y.

To the Editors: Michael Hudson ["Does Economics Deserve a Nobel Prize," Dec. 18] shares his idealistic view of science with many other economists; it is quite true economics cannot meet Hudson's requirements for "science," but it is equally true that physics, chemistry, *et al.* cannot meet such stringent requirements.

In particular, Mr. Hudson objects to the uncertain, and even contradictory, nature of economic theory. He points out the rapid and universal acknowledgement of new discoveries in the natural sciences (as given the theories of Keppler and Galileo?); and "in economics alone the irony is posed that two contradictory theories may both qualify for prizeworthy preeminence" (such as the wave and particle theories of light?). Mr. Hudson's claim for the political neutrality of the natural sciences manages to overlook the impact of nuclear research over the past quarter century, and even in calmer days Galileo required the protection of princes from the wrath of Rome.

It is obvious to even the casual observer that economics has not achieved the theoretical rigor of physics, chemistry, or even biology; but, after all, it was nearly 2000 years from Aristotle's "Physics" to Newton's work, and we economists have had but 200 years since Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations.* A Nobel Prize in economics may go to some practitioners of economic alchemy, but we can hope we are honoring the Galileos, Kepplers, and other pioneers of the economic science.

MICHAEL P. MURRAY
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Iowa State University

New Forms of Charity

Milwaukee, Wisc.

To the Editors: I hope it was not the intention of Doris Grumbach [Dec.

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COMMONWEAL *A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts.*
Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y.
Printed in the USA and published weekly,
except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and June to mid-September,
by Commonweal Publishing Co., 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016
MUrray Hill 3-2042. *Copyright © 1971 Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc.*
US and Canada, $12 a year. Foreign $14. Single copies 40¢

THE SETTLING OF AMERICA

In this moment before the President delivers his State of the Union message, America, it seems, is at dead center. We are tired now, it is said, though exactly who the "we" are is not made clear, since some Americans, the poor and the excluded, have been tired for a long, long time. The travail of the '60s, it is said, the political conflicts over race and war, the rapid cultural shifts, the breakdown of religious traditions, have left the nation exhausted and eager for escape. *Newsweek* greeted Christmas with an issue on "Nostalgia." *Time* started the new year with Ali MacGraw as a symbol of "The Return of Romance." The students are reportedly apathetic and now and then even studious. Maybe this is merely the pause that refreshes. Maybe it is something more.

The same phenomenon is reflected in the intellectual community. Curiously, even as it becomes clear that the mass of students were never prepared to follow student zealots beyond the point of no return, the warnings against Weather-politics and counter-cultures beat to a new fury. The *Wall Street Journal* and the *National Review* have both announced the mutation of *Commentary* magazine, the distinguished publication of the American Jewish Committee and often considered the intellectual forum for a liberal audience, into a "conservative" publication. Considerable breast-beating is taking place among the intellectuals—though, as is often the case, generally on the other fellow's breast.

That the turmoil of the past decade should result in political and ideological trasformations is understandable, inevitable and indeed proper; were it otherwise, one could conclude we had all lost our capacity to learn. But there is something peculiarly superficial about the current shift. It is only fair, of course, that those publicists who created something called "radical chic" as a supposedly serious factor in American politics should now execute their own straw man, as Stewart Alsop recently did. Those who refuse to notice that Charles Reich's *The Greening of America* has scarcely received a single favorable review from an intellectually respectable source, are free to berate the alleged surrender of intellectuals to the counter-culture. Those who think Abbie Hoffman or Jerry Rubin is *the* representative figure among politically concerned young people are justified in chewing their fingernails and launching jeremiads. But how profitable is it, this dialectic between *Getting Straight* and *Love Story?*

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The pendulum swings, as pendulums must. But for all the feeling that a certain stretch of history has come to an end, the problems of this society remain largely the same and largely unresolved. The economy promises to worsen in the short run; the long-run questions of ecology have yet to be faced in any serious fashion. The universities are calm, yet the prediction that their theoretical knowledge will be more and more crucial to social decision making in the future remains unchallenged by both right and left; in short, the problem of the political implications of supposedly non-political scholarship remains on the agenda.

The war in Vietnam continues. War crimes are revealed. The bombing is expanded. A new plan is disclosed to resettle hundreds of thousands of Vietnamese away from their homes. Those who find this war disastrously immoral must still decide what to do, especially when the "realistic" thing seems to be to keep silent on the war, talk about the economy, and wait for '72.

The political system remains badly in need of reform. Wealth remains the key to office. Disruption remains a crucial means for dissenting minorities to get a public hearing. Congress is not told of military and political commitments to other nations, nor can it discover how much military aid is granted them. The Pentagon forbids the General Accounting Office to examine the records of its suppliers. It embarks on new programs without Congressional approval. The Department of Defense, with its ownership of 10 percent of the American economy, its 7.7 million soldiers and employees, its 63 percent of all U.S. scientists, engineers and technicians, its well-organized and financed lobbies, its loyal friends on the Hill, remains a good deal more powerful than any groups of young militants.

And so on.

It is human to be tired. It is sensible to stop, reflect and take new bearings if necessary. But neither a new cult of private escape, nor a flurry of recriminations about fringe phenomena, will be of much help. One does not need to deny Original Sin nor believe in the forthcoming creation of a New Man to remain convinced that the times call for a continued struggle.

THE RIGHT'S GAME PLAN

Will the Buckleys, who didn't make it with Goldwater, have their man in the White House after all? Word has it that William Rusher, publisher of the *National Review*, has awarded Spiro Agnew that institution's ultimate accolade: "genuine conservative." Basis for the rumor might well be found in the "cozy lunch" the Vice President enjoyed in William F. Buckley's dining room explaining himself to a few fellow citizens. The *National Review* has graciously provided the guest list, which should help put into perspective the right wing's pose as a persecuted victim unloved by the Biggies but first in the hearts of the little people.

In attendance: the Presidents of U.S. Steel, American Airlines, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Prudential Insurance Company, Eastern Airlines, Mutual of New York, and Deering Milliken.

Also, the Chairmen of General Motors, General Electric, Allstate Insurance, National Distillers and Chemical Corp., Commercial Solvents Corp., Chemical Bank, and the past Chairman of the First National City Corp.

The conservative game plan is probably to make certain that Agnew is indispensable to the Republican ticket in '72. And then, floated in on all the respectability that high office and money can buy, would come: the Millenium. For two terms. (Then it will be 1984.)

A THOUGHT ON '72

Sure, Muskie seems okay—but is it really time to elect a Catholic president?

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South African Violence, Black or White?

Late in October a report called "Violence in Southern Africa" was published. The report was commissioned by the British Council of Churches but its publication was deliberately delayed until the end of the Council's just concluded meeting, presumably so that it would be too late to discuss the awkward issues raised by the report.

This is fairly typical of the shifty and ambiguous attitude which white Christians in this country have adopted to the "problem" of violence in South Africa. It is, of course, black violence which is the problem, not white violence. The necessity and rectitude of white violence is taken for granted but the black man's right to defend himself against this violence is dangerous and un-Christian. In the course of various discussions during recent weeks I have noticed that those who are so vociferous in asserting Britain's right to trade in arms with South Africa are generally the same people who reacted with such pious horror at the mild proposal of the World Council of Churches to vote $83,000 for the support of pro-guerrilla organizations. Apparently it is our Christian duty to arm white South Africa against the "Communist" menace, but if the black South African is attacked it is his Christian duty to turn the other cheek.

The fact is that in South Africa it is no longer possible to choose between violence and non-violence any more than it is possible to remain neutral. The choice is not between violence and non-violence but between the violence of the white police state and the black vio-

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lence of the liberation movements. South Africa is already one of the most violent countries in the world; and although this violence is largely built into the law and the social structures of the country, a man can be destroyed by the law just as surely as he can be destroyed by a bullet or a hand grenade. A white minority of one-fifth of the population has imposed a brutal and repressive system on the other four-fifths in order to keep them in a state of near-slavery, and this system is being enforced and maintained by violence.

There is the violence of the Bantu Education Act, the brainchild of Dr. Verwoerd, by which thousands of African children are brainwashed every year into accepting a state of permanent inferiority to the whites.

There is the violence of the Pass Laws and Influx Control which destroy family life for hundreds of thousands of Africans, keep them in a state of continual insecurity and make them permanent aliens in their own country.

There is the violence of the Group Areas Act by which whole populations have been uprooted and deported miles away from their homes and jobs in order to maintain the myth of white racial purity.

There is the violence of the Population Registration Act by which "doubtful" cases are subjected to the indignities and brutality of a Race Classification Board in order to slot them into one or other of the racial categories.

There is the violence of Job Reservation by which the Africans are prevented from selling their labor on the open market and kept as hewers of wood and drawers of water for the whites.

There is the violence of the No Trial law by which the law courts are bypassed and men can be banished, banned, or imprisoned without charge "this side of eternity," in Dr. Vorster's words.

The statute book is full of such laws passed during more than twenty years of apartheid, each more violent and vicious than the last.

And besides the violence of the law there is the physical and bloody violence which is the result of those laws. There is the notorious violence of South Africa's jails and the violence of "location" life to which most Africans are condemned. Anyone who has ever lived or worked in a location knows that violence saturates the life of the location African, not only the violence of the white man's police but also the violence of his own people. There are a *thousand* murders a year in Johannesburg and nearly half the world's executions take place in South Africa (cf. *The Violence of Apartheid* by Albie Sachs, London 1969).

For fifty years the Africans tried by every possible means to have the system changed: boycotts, stay-at-home strikes, peaceful demonstrations; but the result has been ever more repressive legislation, demonstrations and strikes outlawed, political parties banned. It was during a peaceful demonstration against the Pass Laws in Sharpeville and Langa locations that the white police opened fire, killing 83 Africans and injuring 360, most of them having been shot in the back. There was a strong tradition of non-violent resistance in African politics (it was in South Africa that Gandhi worked out his political philosophy) but this has been destroyed by white repression; all African political parties are now banned and all her moderate leaders in prison.

If anyone is in doubt as to the immense patience and goodwill of the Africans and their determination to explore every possibility of non-violence, he has only to read the moving and historic speech of Nelson Mandela at the Rivonia trial, surely one of the greatest human documents of our time. There Mandela describes the slow and reluctant process by which the African National Congress, the main African political organization, at last turned to violence as being the only means left to throw white Christians wholeheartedly support the govern- of violence, but as a result of a calm and sober assessment of the political situation that had arisen after many years of tyranny, exploitation and repression of my people by the whites."

White South Africa has one of the highest rates for church membership in the world—about 75 percent are baptized Christians. And the overwhelming majority of white Christians whole-heartedly support the government's policy of white violence. True, there are great and courageous churchmen like Bishops Ambrose Reeves, Joost de Blank, Trevor Huddlestone and Denis Hurley who have spoken out fearlessly against the government's policies, often at great personal cost, but such men are not typical; they stand out by reason of their fewness. True also that now and again various official church bodies come out with a tepid condemnation of apartheid but these are paper protests and no one pays much attention. Nearly all white South African Christians have opted for white violence.

And it is time that white Christians and non-Christians alike recognized that it is no longer possible to remain neutral on this issue. It is time to come off the fence, for to remain silent is to condone the *status quo*, which, is, in effect, a condonation of violence. I do not say that we should *advocate* violence—that would indeed be presumptuous. But we should recognize that the choice is not between violence and non-violence; it is a choice, as Régis Debray remarked at this trial in Bolivia, between the violence which oppresses and destroys and the violence which liberates. The African people have tried everything and they have as much right to our sympathy and support as did the French resistance fighters during the war.

MALCOLM MAGEE

(*Father Malcolm Magee worked as a Dominican missionary in South Africa from 1961-66 and is the author of* White Christianity [*Sheed & Ward*].)

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THE DAY THEY STOLE THE AGNEW

PETER STEINFELS

WHEN J. EDGAR Hoover made his yet unproven charges that the Berrigan brothers led a conspiracy to kidnap a White House official, the venerable F.B.I. chief was apparently not free to admit that one such kidnapping had already taken place. It can now be reported, however, that shortly after Election Day, a group of Trappist monks and cloistered nuns descended on a sedate Capitol gathering and made off with Spiro T. Agnew.

Excerpts from tape recordings of crucial Washington phone calls reveal President Nixon's remarkable calm in the face of potential disaster.

It was Hoover himself who first broke the bad news to the President.

Hoover: Mr. President, I'm afraid the Catholic kooks have got Spiro.

President Nixon: Spiro who? Oh. Yeah. Well that's terrible, that's awful, that's . . . . so what d'you know about that, the Catholic kooks got him, eh?

Hoover: I have thousands of agents on the alert, Mr. President. Shall we pull a Trudeau?

Nixon: Trudeau who? Oh. Yeah. I don't know about that, J. Edgar. There's one thing I've learned in the many crises I've confronted during my years of government service, debating with Khruschev and so on, and that's not to go off half-cocked. Perhaps I had better do some jotting on my yellow pad for awhile, and then you call me back, J. Edgar. Say, in a couple of days.

Later the kidnappers, with Brother Innocent, O.C.S.O., serving as their spokesman, were allowed direct contact with the White House.

Brother Innocent: We'll return the Vice-President if you stop all strategic bombing in Southeast Asia, pledge to withdraw U.S. troops by next June, and release the Berrigans and other war resisters from prison.

Nixon: Let me assure you that your proposals are being studied by this government with the greatest care and . . .

Innocent: Mr. President, we mean business. We're willing to keep Mr. Agnew till doomsday if necessary.

Nixon: I realize that.

During the tense hours which followed, the men surrounding the President marveled at his composure. When the kidnappers informed the White House that Mr. Agnew had begun to mumble, "Peter Piper picked a peck of papist pacifist permissiveness," the President seemed deeply moved. But Mr. Nixon refused to be pressured into concessions. "I know full well it would be the easy thing to do, to make some sort of deal to get the Vice-President back," he said. "But have I ever been known to do anything the easy way?"

The President, who likes to quote Hemingway's definition of courage as "coolness under tension," certainly fit this favorite quotation throughout the cruel period of waiting. It was thirty-six hours after the Vice-President's disappearance when the crucial break came. The tapes tell the story.

Innocent: Look, Mr. President, we're getting tired of waiting for your reply.

Nixon: Yes, well, of course, I can appreciate the impatience of you young people. And I want to make it absolutely clear how highly we value the services of our Vice-President, but I feel, and I am sure that Mr. Agnew feels this way too, that to negotiate this sort of question under pressure would have the gravest consequences for our political efforts at home and abroad.

Innocent: Maybe we asked for too much. Just stop the bombing. We'll let Spiro go.

Nixon: I don't want anyone to underestimate how happy I would be, as I am sure all Americans would be, to see the face of the Vice-President again. Nonetheless I do not believe that . . . .

Innocent: To tell you the truth, Mr. President, this guy's getting on our nerves. He's getting downright obstreperous. Maybe if you just released the Berrigans?

Nixon: Have you people ever thought about kidnapping Martha Mitchell?

Later Brother Innocent recounted the events from his side of the story.

"I mean, when I told the President this guy was obstreperous, I was being nice. Why he kept talking all the time about the media, and how all his speeches were really Aristotelian discourses on politics, and how the Republicans had just won a sweeping victory in the elections, and how the war was only an excuse for hoodlums like us to get back at our parents. 'Perfectly prudent political polarization' and 'mindless media magnification of typical teen-age terrorist tantrums.' Stuff like that. He never shut up, I tell you. It was driving us bats. We're pacifists, you know, but there's only so much you can take. So I was getting worried and I kept calling the President on this special number he gave us. But he was very cool—you had to admit that—and even when I lied and told him we might rough Agnew up a bit, he didn't let on how concerned he was. He acted as though he didn't care if the Administration ever got the Vice-President back at all. Sure had us stumped."

The denouement was relatively simple. Brother Innocent's messages became more frequent, more desperate. After forty-two hours, he asked if maybe the President would merely look into the Berrigans' writing restrictions? Forty-eight hours. Maybe the F.B.I. could pick up Agnew at an agreed-upon location? Fifty-four

(Continued on page 406)

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A STROKE OF THE PEN

THE BEST DEFENSE AGAINST GHETTO SPREAD IS TO MAKE HOUSING AVAILABLE TO BLACKS EVERYWHERE. AND THE BEST WAY TO DO THAT IS TO WITHHOLD FUNDS FROM COMMUNITIES WHICH BAR BLACK RESIDENTS OR LOW-COST HOUSING.

ARTHUR SIMON

The nation sorely needs an Executive Order from the President that would open towns and suburbs to black and lower income families. In keeping with constitutional guarantees and Title VI of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, the order should declare all federal funds withheld from communities that refuse to accommodate blacks on the same basis as whites or that fail to provide for an adequate share of low-income housing units. Conversely, it should offer economic inducements to communities that comply.

Far from intensifying racial polarization, such a move would reduce it. Blue-collar Americans feel picked on and they are right. Their grievance is more demonstrable on housing than on jobs or schools, although a certain similarity obtains. It is their jobs that seem to be in jeopardy when hiring of nonwhites is pushed. It is their schools more than others that are threatened with an influx of black youngsters when school desegregation is practiced. Likewise it is their neighborhoods that are most vulnerable, by geography and economics, to settlement by black families. Once again they are expected to make democracy work, while the rest of us issue pieties.

The problem is exacerbated by a piecemeal approach to open housing, because piecemeal efforts intensify the pressure in an unequal way against these same working-class whites. Such efforts at best ameliorate the overall dilemma of expanding ghettos, and this, combined with a housing shortage, arouses the least worthy racial impulses within vulnerable white communities. On the other hand, rapid movement toward making all communities open neighborhoods would dispense the pressure and counteract the feeling of the hard-hat that he is the target of everyone's racial hypocrisy.

The housing shortage is a basic part of the problem. Millions of new housing units are needed—26 million in a decade, if we are to accept the 1968 Housing Act's goal. As long as we are hamstrung by a housing shortage, we build racial animosity into the system. Again, employment serves as an analogy. Just as a shortage of jobs puts blue-collar whites and aspiring blacks into hostile camps, so a shortage of housing creates a competitive scramble for the existing supply, and racial feelings inevitably get rubbed raw. However, extensive housing construction, spread fairly to meet the needs of low- and middle-income people, would eventually produce enough of a buyer's market so that blacks would not be as pressed to grind out more room by enlarging the ghetto; and the fear (often well-founded) that whites have of being trapped in an expanding black ghetto would diminish. Provided blacks had abundant options, that is. There is an additional bonus: construction jobs would reduce a sense of competition along racial lines and put more people—white and black—inside the economy.

Adequate housing for people of low- and lower-middle incomes is an essential part of the home construction package. We have never really come to terms with this. When the government began to sponsor low-cost housing, first on an experimental basis in 1934 and then as a permanent program in 1937, it did so with the recognition that private enterprise could not supply decent low-cost housing. But this federal initiative was spelled out first and foremost as a public works program to help the jobless and to prime the economic pump; construction of housing was secondary. The New Deal's main interest in housing was to help private home-builders and

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home-buyers, and so the 1934 National Housing Act established the FHA to insure private housing loans.

While the FHA became the government's major program for spurring housing construction, another thrust began during World War II, when the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, together with the City and State of New York, came up with a plan for building Stuyvesant Town. After the war this huge development went up as the first attempt by private enterprise (with special government incentives) to tear down slums and erect new housing at moderate rentals. Stuyvesant Town suggested the basic formula for the nation's urban renewal program, which was incorporated into the Housing Act of 1949.

Unfortunately the shortcomings of Stuyvesant Town—it uprooted 11,000 poor people who could not afford the new apartments, and refused to open its doors to black people—spilled over into the entire urban renewal program. Not unexpectedly. Reflecting on the Stuyvesant Town experience, Charles Abrams warned early in 1949 that "the forthcoming urban-redevelopment program, the most hopeful force for the rebuilding of the blighted areas of the cities, might well prove to be one of the most oppressive instruments for racial segregation and discrimination." In fact most of the people uprooted by urban renewal have been blacks. Furthermore, the General Accounting Office says that after two decades and $7 billion, urban renewal has achieved a net loss of 315,000 housing units, with 3.5 units destroyed for every one built. Needless to say, few site tenants made their way into the new housing.

Although at the insistence of Senator Robert A. Taft the 1949 Housing Act did authorize 810,000 public housing units, today HUD has to go all the way back to the 1937 law in order to count that many completed. In contrast, by the end of 1969 the FHA had already insured $101 billion worth of housing mortgages, financed the postwar suburban boom and played an extensive role, officially and unofficially, in securing the suburbs as white bastions.

These things remind us that the federal government has bankrolled for affluent whites, bypassed too many poor people and reinforced the ghetto pattern.

While it limped forward, public housing began to function more and more as a catch basin for poor blacks who were being pushed out by the federally financed urban renewal and highway programs. Consider Chicago. Almost a decade ago the Chicago Urban League concluded that public housing serves as "an integral part in the making of racism into an urban institution," not as an instrument for social improvement. No wonder. While the black population of Chicago increased during the 1950s from 492 thousand to 813 thousand, the CUL estimates that 8 out of 10 persons uprooted as a result of federally subsidized programs were black. By 1968, 50 of Chicago's 54 public housing projects were in black neighborhoods and 99 percent of their population was black, with the remaining four projects almost entirely white.

Meanwhile the white population of Chicago declined. During the 1950s more than a million people moved to Chicago suburbs, but only 3 percent of them were nonwhite. More important, according to the National Committee Against Discrimination in Housing, as recently as 1962 only five black families lived in nonsegregated sections of Chicago's suburbs. Although the NCDH says that more than a thousand black families have moved into predominantly white suburbs around Chicago by now, the overall picture remains much the same.

It is essential to recognize the federal government's aggressive role in providing for this national pattern in order to understand fully its present obligation to establish a fair one in place of it. Groundwork has been laid. Fair housing legislation aimed at the private market began in 1944 when the New York City Council enacted a law designed to prevent future Stuyvesant Towns (but not that one) from excluding blacks. Federal initiative, however, awaited President Kennedy's Executive Order

banning discrimination in new, federally-assisted housing, including houses built with FHA-guaranteed mortgages.

The Executive Order was a long time coming. President Eisenhower, who had testified before a Senate committee in 1948 against desegregating the Army, turned thumbs down on the idea. ("I happen to be one of those people who has very little faith in the ability of statutory law to change the human heart, or to eliminate prejudice," he often said.) Although Kennedy had stressed during the 1960 campaign that Eisenhower could have helped to eliminate discrimination "with the stroke of a pen," he delayed that stroke until November 20, 1962, after mid-term elections. Significant as that order was, informal procedures between realtors, contractors and lenders have usually circumvented it ever since.

In 1964 Title VI of the Civil Rights Act provided for the withholding of federal funds from recipients that exclude persons from the use of those funds on the basis of race, color or national origin—a provision seldom employed.

1968 brought two major achievements. First, Title VIII of the Civil Rights Act prohibited discrimination in the renting and selling of most housing, the main exception

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being single-family homes not listed with a broker. Significantly it stated, "All executive departments and agencies shall administer their programs and activities relating to housing and urban development in a manner affirmatively to further the purposes of this title and shall cooperate with the Secretary [of HUD] to further such purposes."

A few months after its passage, the U.S. Supreme Court, in the *Jones* v. *Mayer* decision, outlawed all discrimination in the selling or renting of property, on the basis of an 1866 Reconstruction law that said, "All citizens of the United States shall have the same right, in every State and Territory, as is employed by white citizens thereof to inherit, purchase, lease, sell, hold, and convey real and personal property." In its ruling the Court said:

> Negro citizens, North and South, who saw in the Thirteenth Amendment a promise of freedom—freedom to 'go and come at pleasure' and to 'buy and sell when they please' would be left with 'a mere paper guarantee' if Congress were powerless to assure that a dollar in the hands of a Negro will purchase the same thing as a dollar in the hands of a white man. At the very least, the freedom that Congress is empowered to secure under the Thirteenth Amendment includes the freedom to buy whatever a white man can buy, the right to live wherever a white man can live. If Congress cannot say that being a free man means at least this much, then the Thirteenth Amendment made a promise the Nation cannot keep.

In 1969 U.S. District Judge Richard B. Austin ruled that the Chicago Housing Authority was guilty of selecting sites "in a racially discriminatory manner," and ordered the CHA not only to integrate all future projects, but to build 75 percent of new public housing units in white neighborhoods of the city and suburbs. Judge Austin's ruling was the first in which a federal court prescribed a plan for integration and it pointed, significantly, to the suburbs, for that is where legal challenges are now being mounted. As long as local governments are able to manipulate land-use controls such as zoning regulations and building codes to exclude low-cost or subsidized housing, integration can be effectively checked. Consequently the NCDH and the Legal Defense Fund have brought a small battery of suits aimed primarily at zoning ordinances.

So far the outcome is inconclusive. In May 1970 a federal circuit court affirmed a lower court decision requiring Lawton, Oklahoma, to rezone in order to permit construction of a 65-unit low-income project. The court put the burden of proof for nondiscrimination on local communities that zone out such housing. In July a federal district court gave Union City, California 10 months to accommodate low-income residents who are zoned out. However the court refused to find zoning practices there discriminatory. In a case now before the U.S. Supreme Court, a coalition of Chicanos, blacks and whites are challenging a San Jose, California, referendum which rejected a proposal for public housing. (San Jose has no public housing.) It is of more than passing interest that plaintiffs invoked the 14th Amendment's "equal protection of the law" clause successfully before a panel of three federal district judges. The application of that guarantee, which has a fundamental bearing on the question of enforcing fair housing laws, has been expanding for several decades.

Are these developments leading to a situation ripe for fulfillment of this slippery promise of American democracy? Some important voices are saying yes.

In January of last year a panel appointed by President Nixon and headed by economist Miles L. Colean recommended that all federal aid (schools, roads, sewers, etc.) be withheld from communities that fail to initiate programs to increase the number of low-, and moderate-income housing units. The panel saw this as a way of breaking the suburban barrier around the central cities and suggested that special assistance be given to communities that cooperate. "We're not out to force anyone into this," Colean stressed recently. "We are only saying, 'If you want the goodies, then this is what goes with them.' " (The Colean panel also urged that urban renewal "help exorcise the specter of increasing apartheid" by building economically and ethnically integrated neighborhoods.)

Need for Leadership

In October the U.S. Civil Rights Commission issued a comprehensive report on the nation's failure to enforce laws, orders and court decisions on civil rights. "In the final analysis, achievement of civil rights goals depends on the quality of leadership exercised by the President," said Commission chairman, the Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh. Although it was not in the October report, the Commission is preparing to recommend total withdrawal of all federal funds, direct and indirect, from suburbs that exclude blacks.

The chance of the present Administration's running with this one seems remote, although we cannot rule out entirely the possibility of a post-election (1970 or 1972) change. Not many months ago George Romney was sending up signals about withholding HUD funds from suburban communities in order to pressure them into accepting integrated housing. Then word got around that the idea was going to be implemented in the Detroit areas, specifically in Warren, a blue-collar suburb with 180,000 residents. The town became inflamed (to use Romney's word) and Romney rushed there, dodged angry demon-

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strators, denied that Warren had been singled out, and insisted that he opposed "forced integration."

Warren's reaction illustrates the difficulty of solving the problem on a selective basis. Warren, which counts only 28 black famiiles, most of them living on federal property, borders the city limits of Detroit, now almost half black. Warren has large factories and ugly commercial strips, modern shopping centers and new brick homes, as well as old frame houses begging for urban renewal. Like Cicero, Illinois, it has a lot of Polish Catholics. According to a report by Jerry Flint in the *New York Times*, Warren's population doubled the last ten years, mostly with factory workers who claim they were pushed out of their old neighborhoods by blacks, and they are not about to be pushed out again. One resident explained that a lot of them moved to Warren because of racial incidents in the old neighborhood, and they are afraid of going through the same thing again. But many resent the charge that this fear is racially motivated and say that they would be willing to have "one or two" families in their area. Unfortunately, open housing spells racial inundation to them, so they resist.

A related picture emerged from a hearing held in Baltimore County during August by the Commission on Civil Rights. In 1965 Baltimore County killed its urban renewal authority in an anti-black referendum by a margin of almost 2 to 1. The city of Baltimore is about to have a black majority; but suburban Baltimore County cut its percentage of blacks in half, while the population doubled. Dale Anderson, County Executive up for reelection at the time of the hearing, said that Baltimore County was willing to take its share of blacks, but that other counties should take their share, too. "This should be a federal program—nationwide—where we can properly distribute the population without repeating the mistakes we've made in the city, putting too many people in one place." Anderson's statement lacked the outrage of Warren demonstrators, but it played the same theme: "Why make us the target?" Baltimore County residents, too, see themselves fighting against a racial tidal wave.

It is easy to deplore the racism of Warren, Michigan and Baltimore County, but it is much more helpful to realize that they are partly right. Their fears are not groundless. A lot of their people have retreated before, when the ghetto swallowed up their old neighborhoods, and they know it can happen again. This is especially true of the towns closest to the central city and where housing is modestly priced. Why should their neighborhoods be picked on? Why should they be made to carry the burden for an un-open America?

Their hostility ought to be understood before it is condemned. A justifiable reason for their resentment can be removed by placing simultaneous demands on all communities in America to open their doors to blacks. Clearly an across-the-board program is needed to include all neighborhoods. I think it is both possible and necessary to convince people that the best defense against takeover by the ghetto is to make housing available to blacks everywhere. And, following the Colean panel and thinking within the Civil Rights Commission, the most effective single way to achieve that is to withhold federal money of every sort from communities that do not demonstrate willingness to provide for their share of black residents and low-income housing for blacks and whites.

Of course forced dispersal of the black population is no more admissible than forced confinement. Voluntary ghettos will remain part of America for a long time, and consequently the fear of being swallowed up by a black neighborhood cannot be everywhere and entirely removed. But if the practice of open housing were rewarded and its nonpractice penalized by use of the federal purse, the black community would not be compelled to crunch its way to survival by constantly expanding borders. This approach, combined with the right kind of housing starts, would at least relieve the worst pressures. As job opportunities multiply away from the city (the NCDH is documenting this *vis-à-vis* housing barriers), the incentive for black families to move after them increases; and as the government stimulates or builds new towns and cities, the possibilities for dramatic shifts in residential patterns will accelerate.

I see three ways (not mutually exclusive) in which an open America could come about. One is through the courts. We may be seeing the beginning of a long series of suits which will chip away at restrictive residential patterns until some inclusive ruling, perhaps comparable to the 1954 Supreme Court decision on schools, is made. The chief drawback of this route is that it will probably take too long.

The second is legislative. Romney says that the Colean panel's recommendation requires new legislation, because Title VI of the 1964 Civil Rights Act is not sufficiently specific on the matter of withholding funds. Aside from reflecting a timid (and, I suspect, expedient) understanding of the Constitution and law, Romney's implicit espousal of the legislative route is unattractive. For one thing, Congress is not about to move; and for another, there is little enforcement of existing laws.

The third and clearly preferred route is through the executive branch. For the most part legal sanctions already exist for enforcing fair housing. As the Civil Rights Commission has extensively documented, the need is for leadership that will use what is on the books. When I asked Miles Colean about Romney's opinion that Colean's recommendation required legislation, he replied, "I don't think so. An Executive Order or some executive directive is all that is necessary. The laws are already there." Richard Bellman of the NCDH agrees with Colean. "All that it takes is executive action. An order isn't necessary either, although in view of the uncertainty, an Executive Order might clear the air."

Granting that leadership is the missing part of the

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equation, but acknowledging that the matter is not completely unambiguous, perhaps the clearest method of announcing that leadership and removing the ambiguity would be an Executive Order from the President. Legal minds would have to determine how far the order could go in specificity, but it should comprehend the existing legal basis for open housing and spell out the manner of its enforcement.

Admittedly, the present Administration is unlikely to issue such an order; still the best way to prepare President Nixon's successor is to prod Mr. Nixon for a stroke of the pen.

RELIGION IN HIGHER EDUCATION

It can't just integrate a burning house

MICHAEL NOVAK

The interest of students in religious and philosophical questions is swelling year by year. At the same time, their interest in the codified traditions of theology and philosophy—in linguistic analysis, in Barth's or Tillich's systematics—is on the wane.

How shall we find an accurate language for speaking about the genuine (and some not-so-genuine) religious experiences many of our students have? What institutions will help all of us in the university—in the sciences and in engineering, as well as in social studies and in the humanities—to address questions which our own education did not encourage us even to raise? Such questions unsettle organizations like The Society for Religion in Higher Education (Kent Fellows and Danforth Fellows). Does the future portend new life or decay?

Forty years ago, the role of religion in higher education was not highly esteemed. The belief that a rising tide of humanism, carried by science, technology, and hardheaded pragmatism, would build a better actual world than the tenderminded ever dreamed of was just about to receive the enormous cultural impetus of the New Deal and the Second World War. The intellectuals moved into positions of new power in the United States. The universities and research institutes became the spiritual centers of a powerful new culture based on economics, technology, and realism. Those who cared about religion found some help in existentialism and personalism. But from the late 1950's, as the universities became ever more effectual, as realism wedded to liberalism showed its power for steady social change, the character of those interested in religion also seemed to change. There were an increasing number of the toughminded among them, they were very numerous, they were well paid, and they held no little influence in American political and cultural life.

In general, two main traditions dominated—it seems—the Fellows of our Society for Religion in Higher Education and others like them. The first tradition was deeply critical of our technological society with its "broken center." It shared the existentialist, artistic, occasionally Marxist, sometimes liberal Catholic analysis of the flat, empty, one-dimensionality at the heart of industrial society. The second tradition celebrated industrial society, its secularity, pragmatism, realism, liberties, and disciplines. (It was possible, even common, for many religious persons to share in both these traditions at once.)

Those who represented these traditions, however, soon found themselves in a new position in American society. In 1930, or even in 1950, the university might still be perceived as second to, say, the business world among American institutions (or possibly even third, behind the churches—not for their theological content but for their social cohesiveness). By 1960, and surely in 1970, everyone could see that the university had achieved primacy. One-half of all college-age people now passed through its gates, and those who did not found themselves penalized both in economic security and social status. Thus, those who cared about the role of religion in higher education needed first to become preoccupied about the role of higher education in American society.

The Vietnam war, no matter whether one thought it a necessary evil, a mistake, or a brutal and stupid expression of inherent priorities in American society, proved to be a profound embarrassment to those who had just been singing the praises of realism, pragmatism, technology, and secularity. Vietnam has been an academicism's war, a liberal's war, a most thoroughly studied and calculated social exercise; the countryside of Vietnam fairly crawls with academicians making studies of everything in sight.

Secondly, the crisis which has since come to be called the "ecological crisis" took the sacredness from the professions of science and technology, and from the widespread assumption that "development" or "progress" was what was happening in the world.

MICHAEL NOVAK's *most recent book is* The Experience of Nothingness *(Harper & Row).*

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Thirdly, the linking of the black revolution in America with other Third World revolutions of (chiefly) colored peoples exposed social problems of vast and new dimensions.

In a word, trust in objective, impersonal, scientific method as a suitable spine for our culture has been thoroughly shaken. It is not so easy as it was even five years ago for graduate students in physics, the life sciences, medical engineering, electronics, research, etc., to have a direct, automatic belief in the fact that their investigations will in fact improve the quality of human life. Maybe, and maybe not. Similar crises of conscience afflict sociologists, anthropologists, psychologists, psychiatrists, philosophers, theologians, and others in the humanities. The man in the white coat—the academic professional—is not necessarily, simply by his professional commitment, a friend of mankind.

Who speaks for "humanity"? Can the objective viewpoint even be applied to all men, all cultures? Or is it, rather, an ideological mask for a white man's way of welding power?

When the Society for Religion in Higher Education and its predecessors came into existence, the underlying conviction was that a religious dimension was clearly lacking in the direction taken by the American academy. The aim was, in a sense, to make religious concern respectable in the academy—or, at the very least, to encourage religious people within the academy mutually to think through their concerns. Just at the moment when this task was beginning to be accomplished (departments of religious studies founded, courses including the religious dimension multiplying, public consciousness drawn to religious events as front-page news and cover-story material), the shell around the long-time moral vacuum in American higher education began to feel the pressures already described. It is harder, now, to assume that a career in science, the humanities, or other intellectual discipline is, merely if professionally carried out, directed to the betterment of the human race. A feeling of "complicity," or at least of uncertainty, afflicts many. The task for those of religious concern, therefore, is to help re-conceive the entire enterprise of intellectual method. The critical question in the university is not governance. It is not even multi-media presentations. It is a theory for the relation of intellection to life. How shall we conceive of inquiry in such a way that inquiry is neither alienating nor destructive? Does not inquiry require a certain reverence, a certain intelligent and self-critical subjectivity, a certain self-harmony? Is there any imaginable way to combine the clarity, rigor and hardness of the preferred analytic, objective method with the ancient sense of wisdom, the Eastern sense of oneness with self, others, world? *Must* knowledge mean the power to predict and to control?

Until and unless students feel again that education is a path to wisdom, a way to a noble and a moral way of life, the university will experience an explosive internal crisis. Many students also want to create a better way of life than they see available at present—not a perfect or a utopian way of life, merely one that is structurally and methodically better than they find available at present.

One task of a society for religion in higher education, then, is surely to help shape a model of a new sort of intelligence and perception, not "new" in the sense of faddish, possibly even ancient, but in any case more humane than the narrow form which seems so dominant. What James, Peirce and Dewey did some sixty years ago —formulate under the rubric "pragmatism" a model of inquiry that was to dominate American business, diplomacy, warfare, and academic life for three generations—needs to be attempted again. It is no longer a time for individual scholars to nourish their own private religious interests, nor even for a fellowship of the likeminded to shelter from professional demands some little space for their mutual concerns. It is now time to work in a concerted, institutional way to develop a humanistic model of intellectual life, more sensitive to subjective and interpersonal factors than the pragmatic model, more in tune with and at one with nature than the pragmatic model. Such a model, quite obviously, is full of religious implications.

FAREWELL PERFORMANCE

THE STAGE

This is my last theater review for *Commonweal*. I should end on a high note, perform one last complicated critical feat, shape a small essay of spectacular richness. But a stack of programs lies on my desk reminding me how many shows I have failed to find time and space to review. So, despite my penchant for the unified critical piece, I will go out in a burst of notes.

The Me Nobody Knows. I was a long time getting to this successful off-Broadway musical, which has since moved to Broadway presumably to escape the off-Broadway actor's strike. I made the mistake of reading the collection of children's writing on which the show is based just before I went to the theater and what I saw there was so slick and surface by comparison that I was disappointed. Touching essays, like "I Love What the Girls Have," became oddly vulgar, wrenched to fit the demands of a show-business song. Less inevitably and more disgracefully, the kids were bowdlerized; their matter-of-fact references to death and cancer were cut out of the recitations used in the show's sentimental opening. Most of the young performers, mugging relentlessly, seem

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as far from the original material as the men who put the show together. (*At the Helen Hayes*)

Saved. Edward Bond's play about the boredom and casual cruelty of English working-class life seems to me condescending, repetitious and bromidic. It may have hidden virtues, but the production, which I saw at the Brooklyn Academy before it moved into a regular run at the Cherry Lane, was so bad that no candle could have shown through that bushel. The few good performances (notably, Margaret Braidwood as the mother-in-law) and the potentially interesting scenes (nervous Len's attempt to darn the mother-in-law's stocking) were smothered by a production that dragged along in its rhythmless way for more than three hours. The famous (or infamous) scene in which the toughs stone the baby in its carriage was obviously phony, not simply because the carriage was plainly empty but because the boys had no validity, never came across as anything but a group of actors making an inadequate stab at characters too foreign to them, psychologically and linguistically.

Story Theatre. Mixing narration and dramatic action, Paul Sills' company tells and performs a number of fables out of Aesop and Grimm. There is something initially attractive about the device as performers step in and out of the story, moving from exposition to action, but the mutated genre quickly palls as it becomes clear that the fables gain neither complexity nor vitality by being put on stage. There are a number of effective performances, particularly from Paul Sand, whose Hound in "The Bremen Town Musicians" was the best animal act around until the *Moscow Circus on Ice* came to town with its hilarious hockey-playing bears and upstaged the man-dog. (*At the Ambassador*)

Sleuth. This kind of show amuses me in the audience and infuriates me as a critic. It is a well-acted mystery play which depends for its best effect on a gimmick which reviewers are pledged, subliminally, not to reveal. This means that what I would most like to talk about, the technique of games-playing as it is reflected in both the author, Anthony Shaffer, and his characters is consensually off-limits. Since the play carefully stifles its few gestures toward substance, it remains a well-tailored entertainment for those who like mystery stories, games, brittle chatter and clever performances. (*At the Music Box*)

Two by Two. When I first saw Clifford Odets' *The Flowering Peach*, I thought it leadenly tiresome. Since then, having written a book on Odets, I have come to think the *Peach* a better play than my early review [*Commentary*, July, 1955] suggested. Now, with the Richard Rodgers-Peter Stone musical version, I am back where I started. Danny Kaye, making a triumphal return to Broadway, is presumably to do for the musical what Menasha Skulnik did for the original, infuse Noah with the kind of lovable charm that will make a *haimishe* play at the expense of Odet's real theme. For me, unfortunately, the fabled Kaye magic is a now-and-then thing; here, he seems to have been constructed out of a bag of tricks. The two most annoying things in the musical: a destructively pushy set that upstages the performers and the singing of the catchy title song in which Ham and Rachel, whose marriage has collapsed, join the other two couples to teach Japheth that life is better two by two. (*At the Imperial*)

Les Blancs. Until the Portuguese obligingly invaded Guinea in an attempt to set back the clock of history, I would have said that Lorraine Hansberry's play, which was begun in 1961, was already dated, that Africa was somewhere else, involved with problems more immediate than the old colonial echoes. What is interesting in the play is not its abrupt relevance, nor its probably sound insistence that white benevolence is the twin of white oppression, nor whatever it is trying to say in the lamentably written American newspaperman, sweatingly played by Cameron Mitchell, but in the central character, the African who, having learned irony in his travels, is balanced between exile and commitment, always the observer, until events force him to act, to lead the attack that kills the missionary woman who has already accepted that her murder is the logical consequence of her presence in the country. James Earl Jones, working in a tighter, less grandiose style than usual, plays the part with a strong sense of the character's ambivalence toward his situation and the resulting mockery of himself as well as others. Although Miss Hansberry had finished several drafts of the play before her death in 1965, there is no way of assigning to her the praise or the blame for the virtues and vices of the staged version. It has gone through the usual try-out changes, one major character having disappeared in the process, and it is probably more correctly labeled a play by Robert Nemiroff and Charlotte Zaltsberg based on an unfinished script by Lorraine Hansberry. (*At the Longacre*)

GERALD WEALES

PENNMANSHIP

THE SCREEN

Of the seven movies Arthur Penn has made since 1958, five have been about people who must live in constant fear of being ambushed. His filmography is a landscape traversed with apprehension by fugitive heroes —heroes like Billy the Kid and Bonnie and Clyde, or the paranoid comedian in *Mickey One* and the cracker sheriff in *The Chase*. But Penn's characters are never in as much danger from each other as they are from Penn himself. Penn is an iconoclast, a bushwhacker of American archetypes and stereotypes. He lies in wait for our most cherished legends, and drops them in their

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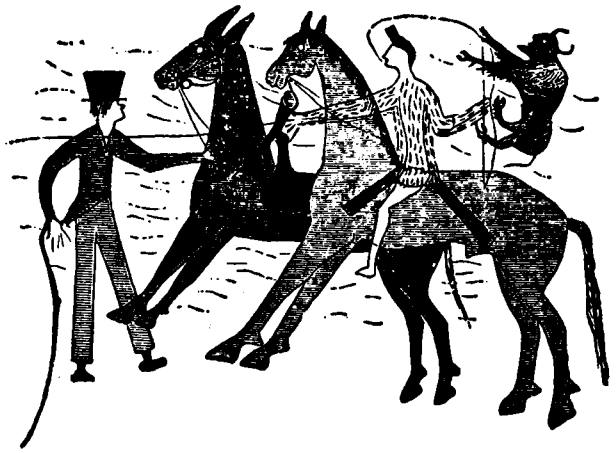
tracks. Thus, when we got to his movies, we too—we most of all—must expect to be ambushed. In catching our folk heroes off-guard, he also hopes to catch us. He wants to take everyone in the theater by surprise —the people in the seats as well as the people on the screen.

Custer's Last Stand is the ambush to which Penn's latest film, *Little Big Man,* eventually leads. But it begins as Jack Crabb (Dustin Hoffman), who claims to be the only white survivor of Custer's folly, reminisces about another ambush—the one where he was taken captive by the Indians who renamed him Little Big Man. The Thomas Berger novel on which the film is based casts the whole story as a recollection of the aged Crabb, and Penn's scriptwriter, Calder Willingham, retains this device. Jack introduces himself by saying he was first captured 111 years ago, when he was ten years old. After that it's hard for us to tell the preposterous from the credible in Jack's story, which is precisely why Penn is glad to have the old man as a narrator. Since the hokum in history matters to Penn as much as the facts, Jack's narration provides the perfect cover for Penn to work behind.

Jack is a picaresque character who's been, among other things, a Cheyenne brave, a squaw man, an Army scout, and a gunfighter. His story allows Penn to take pot shots at the myth of the Frontier in all its guises. In his "gunfighter period," as in every other white man's role he plays, Jack is a self-confessed bust. He's the spitting image of Hopalong Cassidy and a pretty sharp shot to boot, but Wild Bill Hickok shows him there's more to gunslinging than that. One day while he's trying to swap tall tales with Hickok at a Deadwood saloon, Hickok keeps jumping up to draw on every shadow that moves in the room. This is a funny rountine, until Hickok actually shoots someone. Staring into the .44 hole in the man's chest, Jack breaks out in a cold sweat. "Mr. Hickok!" he gasps, "That man's really dead." We are stunned too. The comedy has ended for us as abruptly as the dreams of gunfighting have ended for Jack.

This scene is typical of the way Penn treats Jack's life as a white man. It's also classic Penn. In *Bonnie and Clyde* our laughter was often cut short by catastrophe just this way. In *Little Big Man,* however, Penn's treatment of Indians isn't classic anything: it's the ambush that he's set for us this time. Near the film's end, for instance, Jack accompanies his Cheyenne grandfather, Old Lodge Skins (Chief Dan George), to a hilltop. Lodge Skins wishes to end his life before the glory of defeating Custer passes away. He does his death dance, invokes the gods, and lies down to die. But it soon begins to rain (wrong dance?), and Lodge Skins opens a wary eye to find himself still among the living. He is too wise a man to be bitter at the weakness of his magic, so he simply returns with Jack for supper. Solemnity now yields to comedy: the emotional effect is here the reverse of that in the gunfighter episode.

When he was interviewed by the student audience at a preview of *Little Big Man,* Penn was harshly criticized for such comic treatment of Indians, especially Cheyenne women and homosexuals. But this criticism seems unfair. The only injustice Penn has done an Indian is not insisting Chief Dan George receive top billing beside Hoffman. They perform with equal brilliance in equally important and difficult roles. (Although Faye Dunaway



and Martin Balsam acquit themselves only moderately well in minor roles, even they are billed ahead of the Chief.) Considering the service Penn has tried to do fictitious Indians in the film it seems a shame he permitted the Chief to be done this professional disservice in the front office.

While Penn answered his preview-goers' criticisms courteously, he seemed content to let the film fend for itself. It's easy to imagine, in fact, that he took a certain satisfaction in their attacks on the film. Their objections must have seemed high praise indeed, for the ambush had worked yet again! They were clearly disappointed because his film doesn't idolize the Indian as a culture hero. And their New Left image of the Indian is just as clearly something Penn's film avoids on purpose. The ending of Berger's novel fits that currently popular image better, as Berger lets Lodge Skins die on the hilltop to symbolize the extinction of his people. Penn has seen that such melodrama pleases us too much. It fulfills our most predictable expectations: it is just our new reading for the old proverb that says the only good Indian is a dead Indian.

Penn doesn't mind offending some of us in order to stop the propagation of dead Indians. The Indians in *Little Big Man* are neither murderous savages in the old style nor noble savages in the new style. Early in the narrative Jack explains that the name Cheyenne means "human being," and from then on the Cheyenne refer to themselves as "human beings" in the dialogue. Penn thinks the Cheyenne are human beings too: he makes them a part of the human comedy.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

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F. Scott Fitzgerald

THE AUTHORITY OF FAILURE

RALPH McINERNY

JUAN LES PINS in late December is cold and grey and just the place to realize that, if he had lived, Scott Fitzgerald would now be seventy-four years old. I thought of the photograph taken of him during his last year, in California, the one all the books contain. He wears a sport jacket and knit tie with a huge windsor knot and his hands seem to seek one another lest they tremble and blur the shot. His smile has just begun or just ended and the washed out eyes and lifeless hair add to the impression of a summer resort in winter. Many *fêtes*, he wished a friend, but most feasts, the best, are not moveable. Some such truth, an obvious one, in any case, but one learned slowly through the prolonged dying of his midwestern and essentially American hopes, accounts for that wistful end of a smile, the empty translucent eyes, the groping hands. At *Juan les pins*, thatched screens protect the palms from the winter winds which come in off the sea in this classical middle of the earth.

I suppose he would still recognize the place, at least the beach he described as like a prayer rug, though few of the hotels along it can have been here forty years ago. Inland, high-rise apartments multiply under the swinging arms of building cranes. From Ventimiglia to St. Tropez the shore is a continuum of ostentation; the once fabulous names, Cannes, Antibes and—most literally fabulous of all—*Juan les pins*, or what they name, blend and fuse. Have they lost their style or has it only triumphed and reached its apotheosis, like the difference between the very rich and you and me?

Fitzgerald left the natural winter of ice palaces and sleigh rides in St. Paul but fashioned with his surviving Catholic conscience a spiritual one from booze and glamour and success and a madness not his own. Like him, most of us need four seasons on which to pin the liturgy of our lives lest we make a faith of summer and youth and hope. One way or another, the green breast of the new world goes brown and leafless. I have often wondered why, foundering in Maryland and Carolina and California, he did not go home to the objective correlative of the winter he had learned.

We came, my wife and I and our six children, in a Volkswagen bus, to *Juan les pins*, from Rome or, more accurately, from our common Minnesota, and stayed at the *Hôtel du Nord*. Our rooms were cold, only the radiators were heated. Behind the hotel was a trailer park populated, it seemed, by construction workers engaged in putting up more of those pastel apartment buildings. Most of the restaurants advertised a *menu touristique* at 12 to 14 francs no doubt eschewed by the not so different rich who stay in the hotels along the sea and sullenly pace the shore in furs and overcoats. Ships of the Sixth Fleet had put in at Cannes for Christmas. Professors on sabbatical, sailors on liberty, the whole Riviera as vulgar as Miami—at night in our cold room I wrote in my notebook, "*Juan les pins*, my God!"

He once expressed pride in the fact that, by going there, he had made the Riviera a chic place to stay. I try to understand that pride by recalling my own at having loved his books before the revival, before the biographies, the paperback reprints and all those dissertations. His real fans are forty now, I like to think, their devotion nurtured on the old green Scribner edition, the New Directions reprint of *Gatsby*. Those shelves of exiguous studies, monographs and articles, the dreary possessiveness of the *Newsletter*, have altered his landscape as these hotels and classless crowds have changed his beach. He always began with a feeling, a mood, and one must respond in kind to meet this author, ambiguous as Gatsby, a moral and a moralist, who speaks with the authority of failure. There is a sad justice in the fact that his last liaison was with a gossip columnist for whom as for his daughter he drew up impressionistic curricula. I find my key to Fitzgerald in his status as a lapsed Catholic.

His life was a party that kept breaking up, as the World War broke up the society he reinvented in life and imagination so that its destruction might be his personal deed. The failure he thought he was seems to consist of an imperfectly understood success. He came to see the sham of the mythical east, the Ivy League college, the shower of cash and early notoriety, the whole drunken brawl that sounded like money and kept coming to an end. He saw the sham and was nostalgic for it till he died. The confusion is best seen in his letters to his daughter, which warn her against and urge her on to what he had ceased to believe in yet could not stop craving. It is terrible to fall away from two faiths. The lyrics of popular songs kept singing in his head, promising a hollow world. It may be the dark night of the soul at three o'clock in the morning but he wished to dance the whole night through. *Juan de la Cruz* and *Juan les pins*. Only one whose soul contains a more consistent inventory might feel condescension, and he would be unable to.

The current he beat against was time and it bore him endlessly into the past which is only another name for the future. Finally it doesn't matter. The future is only another present which must end. And what then, what then? Does embodying that truth in art make it less corruptible? All his heroes are eternally undone, the tragic fall was the only plot he had, in the novels, in

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the best stories, in his life, as if temporal ambition were a lust for loss. Who but a spoiled priest could find a *memento falli* everywhere? The truth about the orgiastic future is that it is not there.

Come to his Riviera in winter, one thinks of Scott Fitzgerald and he seems the ghost at our banquet, America's banquet, that youthful dream which has become a nightmare at high noon. It was never really the money or fame or even the surprising discipline with which he wrote *Tender is the Night* and which took him as far as he got in *The Last Tycoon*. In his last disguise as Starr, he knew that he was doomed, that hope is most unrealized when realized. He could not prolong his existence in his perishable deeds, he could not survive in others' estimation. But if health and wealth and fame and just plain glamour are not the answer, what is? Such questions animate Fitzgerald and his other characters; he is, in his own way, a religious author.

His two faiths, the American dream, the Christian revelation, were both lost when he was young; they lost for him everything but their power to shape his imagination. It seems to me obvious which one it is whose memory sits in judgment on the memory of the other.

It is no achievement, at forty, to see the inevitability of failure; to fail at that is almost impossible. Because his own hopes were so peculiarly American, Fitzgerald's conception of failure has now a singular force. But the force must be felt in order to be understood, felt in a way of perceiving Summit Avenue in St. Paul and Princeton and Hollywood. And *Juan les pins*. When the watering places of the rich are available on the cheap and offer a *menu touristique*, when professors and sailors and thousands of others like you and me congregate there, one might settle for sociological banalities on class mobility and the affluent society. Or, prodded by the author of *The Diamond as Big as the Ritz* and *The Rich Boy* and *Winter Dreams*, one might find other meanings in this prayer rug of a beach with its sad palms and hotels like slabs of ice cream and that sea in the middle of the earth where warships lie at anchor. The large one is a carrier. The small ones are called destroyers.

BOOKS

A circus of Mertons

The Man in the Sycamore Tree

ED RICE

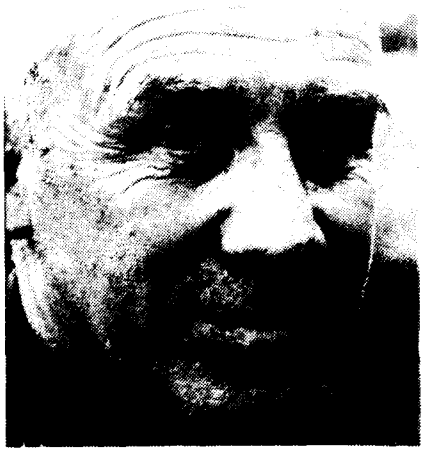
Doubleday, $7.95

A Hidden Wholeness: The Visual World of Thomas Merton

THOMAS MERTON & JOHN HOWARD GRIFFIN

Houghton Mifflin, $15

JAMES FOREST



"When he left for Asia," said W. H. Ferry, "he was like a kid going to the circus."

The comment is important for two reasons: it helps in understanding the conflicting reports that have circulated, and reappear in these two books, about Merton's plans at the end of his life (go back to Gethsemani, or be a monk —but not of Gethsemani and perhaps not even of Catholicism—somewhere in Asia); for Merton's enthusiasms were constantly being juggled—radically different possibilities rapidly overwhelmed his imagination, and he never hesitated to articulate these; as John Howard Griffin has observed of Merton-as-writer, "he could not scratch his nose without writing about it."

But Mr. Ferry's comment also throws light on all of Merton's life—through all his rebirths, he was a kid going to the circus.

Those who didn't know him may be annoyed with that, insisting there was little or no kid in Merton, and that he was far too serious and saintly to be *en route* to circuses. He must be the the stern, fast-chastened skull-clutcher. He must be the proof of the holiness of non-involvement that those of us in less monastic environs require to justify our J. Alfred Prufrock paralysis. Laughter and playfulness and impulsive imaginings of wildly different futures—none of that is allowed.

But the truth is that he was running to the circus a great deal of his life. It was that which made it possible for Merton to say, as Ed Rice records in *The Man in the Sycamore Tree*,

> The man who began this journal is dead, just as the man who finished *The Seven Storey Mountain* is also dead, and what is more, the man who was the central figure in *The Seven Storey Mountain* was dead over and over . . . *The Seven Storey Mountain* is the work of a man I never even heard of.

Merton's capacity for surprise, continuous through all that we know of his

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life, was a steady midwife to new Mertons, and executioner of old ones. His enthusiasms, to name a few, ran from St. Francis to the Trappists to Carmoldolese hermits to the Catholic Worker to the *hasidim* to Buddhism to Henry Miller to the Desert Fathers to Chuang Tzu. . . . And all this with continuity, a continuity that is extraordinary when seen in the context of the mountain-goat-like leaping of the Merton curiosity, a ceaseless, startling fact of his life from Prades to Bangkok.

It comes through in both these books.

As John Howard Griffin puts it, in one of the brief narratives between photo sections,

> He was a mystic and a poet, with an ability to see many facets of the same object and to combine within himself seeming opposites. He was simultaneously a man of profound discipline and astonishing freedom; a man who expressed himself eloquently concerning the spiritual life but who kept his own secret private prayer; a man of profound religious abandonment who refused to veil his humanity in the gauze of pietism; a man of the intellect who relished the simplest manual labor. He combined strength and toughness with a faultless courtesy to others, but had no time to waste on what he called "silliness" or "foolishness" and could terminate such encounters with masterful tact. He could not wear religious masks or pretend, for anyone's edification, to be other than what he was: a man whose interior life was not for display and who was not going to act out anyone else's version of what a contemplative should be.

As eloquent and accurate as Griffin is with language, it is the pictures in *A Hidden Wholeness* that are the feast —and the surprise! It is a recent discovery of ours that we are dealing not only with Merton the monk-essayist-poet-radical-explorer-of-religious-traditions, but with Merton the photographer (and calligrapher) as well.

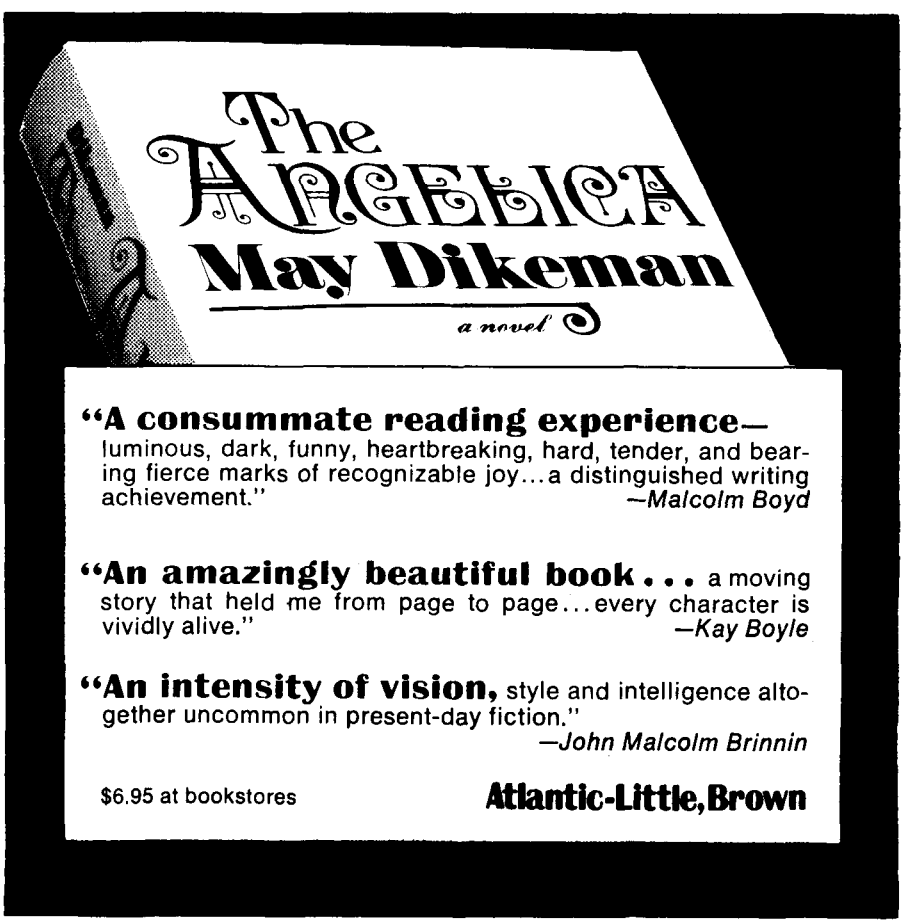
For many these will simply be "nice pictures" saved from obscurity solely because they are St. Merton's—which is inevitable, except that the pictures are better than holy cards and relics. To use his own famous phrase, they are seeds of contemplation.

There are trees—one solitary and dark, others full of light and in erotic embrace—that are so full of essence that my only point of verbal reference are the holy trees of Tolkien's Middle Earth. There is the corpse of a train station, some of the word *Gethsemani* painted on the side, a celebration of dying and death, and yet continuity. A sign—COWS—KEEP GATE CLOSED —is, in its fading death, simultaneously a quiet cross and a point of contact with Merton's laughter, that cows and gates and crosses should be so absurdly and gladly joined. There is a trinity of de Kooning-like paint buckets on the skeletons of dead grass. The living and dead peer out of the ruins of fallen wood. In an oak's decaying, moss-bearing rings is a homily, an epic poem, and finally a *koan* on process and growth. There is grass and rock, blinding light and cave darknesses, snow and cooking gear . . . all pictures with the potential of sacraments. And finally there is a chronicle of the Asia trip: amazing faces, sleeping Buddhas, the Himalayas touching the sky like a hermit's prayers.

The photos fit Merton's writing, though for some the writing may be a prerequisite for letting the pictures be the enlightenment-occasioners they can be: in the midst of their quiet—they are so quiet!—is more of Merton than in most of the word books; *and there is less of Merton*—for the transparency of Merton, his seeing of the God-cosmos, the God of existence and non-existence, is here especially evident.

Less important, but also telling, are the Griffin pictures of Merton and his hermitage. I recall no one whose face was so quickly expressive as Merton's; one can see the communion that existed between his inner life and the way he cared for the fire.

The Ed Rice book is more the circus book of the pair, in that it comes out of the culmination of Merton's life, as does Griffin's but attempts to capture,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in word and picture, the entire pilgrimage, the many runnings to the circus. It is most vivid, with a Henry Miller energy and abruptness, especially in telling something of that period of life that apparently (but not by Merton) was much expurgated in *Seven Storey Mountain;* not that even the *un*expurgated story is so hair-raising; but at least we discover an actively heterosexual person, possibly the father of a child who, with its mother, was killed in the blitz of London. The summers in the Allegheny Mountains at Olean are full of chaos and whiskey, marathon-writing competitions with Rice, Bob Lax and others—and the house a holocaust of debris and filthy dishes. What a contrast with the hermitage, in inner discipline and outer order.

It is the previously expurgated Merton that is most on view throughout Ed Rice's text—the Merton whose book, *Peace in the Post-Christian Era* was prohibited by Trappist high-ups, as was an essay on de Chardin and occasional other writings; whose phone calls were sometimes listened to; who occasionally felt it necessary to smuggle out a letter (I carried out one of those); whose intense desire to have a hermitage was realized (so he told me) only when Roman officials were on the verge of permitting him to live as a hermit near a primitive Benedictine monastery in Mexico; whose desire to actually *live* in the hermitage took still more years of pleading.

About all this there is a continuous and, I would say, a somewhat exaggerated bitterness in Rice, understandable, but in sharp contrast to Merton's own evaluation. Not that there weren't times of extraordinary hurt and anguish for him! I recall one letter which alarmingly began, "Now here is the axe. The orders are no more writing about peace." He went on to say that this implied all sorts of disheartening consequences for the cause of peace and an "astounding incomprehension" of the world crisis as well as insensitivity to Christian values and the "real sense" of the monastic vocation. He was angry about the understanding of the monk's role that was implicit in the orders:

> These minds believe that the function of the monk is not to see or hear any new dimension, simply to support the already existing viewpoints . . . Instead of being in the advance guard, he is in the rear guard with the baggage, confirming all that has been done by the officials . . . He must be an eye that sees nothing except what is carefully selected for him to see . . .

One could stop with that, fully vindicating—and in Merton's own words—anyone's bitterness with Merton's superiors. But even in the midst of that seeming defeat (it wasn't, in fact, the end of Merton's peace writing), his letter proceeded to explain his decision *not* to "blast the whole thing wide open." For that " would be taken as a witness *against* the peace movement and confirm these people in all the depth of their prejudices and their self-complacency."

Merton's way of relating to superiors was a scandal to me at the time, as much a scandal as the orders themselves. It seemed that one could not tolerate such abuse of authority without complicity in that abuse. Evidently it remains similarly hard for Ed Rice today to accept Merton's toleration of his superiors. Yet for Merton, as for Gandhi and Pope John, a vow carefully entered into had a weight that precluded disobedience; Merton was convinced that an obedience rooted in love could not help but be beneficial in the end. That Merton's acceptance of seeming defeat in fact resulted in later victory, effecting positive growth in conscience *within* the monastery as well as without, is thoroughly evident; as a fortunate consequence he will not be remembered as "Thomas Merton who finally left the monastery" or "Thomas Merton, foe of religious bureaucrats." He was, again like Gandhi and John, not into the militarism of victory and defeat but rather into conversion and transformation.

All this, in fact, is clear in Ed Rice's book, if sometimes only by implication—which is fine.

The only other bone that I would pick with *Sycamore Tree* (though I hear someone in Louisville has a list of more than a hundred!) is not with Ed Rice but with Doubleday's advertising department.

The ads headline a quote from an essentially humorous, last-page afterword: "He became a Communist, then a Catholic, later a Trappist monk, and finally a Buddhist, at which point, his life having been fulfilled, he died." The context is utterly lost—Rice is replying to a lady's question about what he has been writing "so diligently." Asked the same question by a businessman, next paragraph, Rice replied that he was "writing a biography of a fellow who had made a million or two as a writer but gave the money to a religious order." Rice's record of the businessman's reply: "Must have been crazy!"

The *Sycamore* text makes quite clear that Merton never saw Buddhism as an ideological community in competition with Christianity, no more than he saw monasticism as excluding concern with human suffering, racism, war and urbanization. In a time when most others have become hopelessly immersed in specializations, it was Merton's vocation to make connections. His pilgrimage into the East, as Catholic and Trappist and monk of Gethsemani, was certainly a part of that—which, in fact, is quite clear in Ed Rice's book despite his speculation that Merton wanted to locate his next hermitage in Asia, a fact—were it to occur—that need have no essential effect on his being a monk of Gethsemani.

Sadly, there is that multitude that will get no closer to the book than its advertisement. (Herder and Herder, in

REVIEWERS

RALPH MCINERNY teaches in the Philosophy Department at Notre Dame and is the author of two novels, *Jolly Rogerson* and *A Narrow Time.*

JAMES FOREST, to whom Thomas Merton's book, *Faith and Violence,* was dedicated, is presently working with a free school in nonviolence studies as a member of the Emmaus House collective.

PASTOR RICHARD J. NEUHAUS is the author, with Peter Berger, of *Movement and Revolution.*

FATHER RICHARD P. MCBRIEN's latest book is *Do We Need the Church?*

RICHARD ELMAN's forthcoming novel is entitled *An Education in Blood.*

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publicity last year for Merton's *Contemplative Prayer* was similarly misleading, representing an unpublished antique of Merton's as a kind of last will and testament.)

In the end, the criticisms are minor, both books a joy. We remain *en route* to the circus.

Stuyvesant Town USA: Pattern for Two Americas

ARTHUR SIMON

N.Y.U. Press, $6.95

RICHARD J. NEUHAUS

I have never liked Peter Stuyvesant. He was (1610-1672) the Dutch colonial governor usually credited with founding New York City. Perhaps my dislike is because I am a Lutheran and the peg-legged despot was notorious for his persecution of Lutherans and Quakers. (I admit it was no little achievement to bring Lutherans and Quakers together, even if in nothing more than common suffering.) But mainly I don't like the governor because he was so totally a company man (Dutch West India Company) and, in those areas where he acted on his own, he high-handedly imposed his values and prejudices upon the populace. It is no wonder that in 1664 the people seized their chance and helped the British to overthrow the tyrant. I confess to a small pleasure in the knowledge that the old man is buried in the graveyard of St. Marks in the Bouwerie, on the East Village capital corner of urban hippiedom. There, at 2nd Avenue and 10th Street, the exponents of a new culture nightly frolic on the grave of a man who, if they knew him, they would delight to counter.

Stuyvesant Town has little in common with its titular saint, or so it would seem. When it was launched in 1943 its sponsor, Metropolitan Life, was universally blessed for its far-sighted devotion to urban renewal. With the aid of extraordinary cooperation and tax concessions from the City, Metropolitan Life bestowed upon 24,000 middle income New Yorkers the chance to live in a veritable "suburb in the city." As the mighty right arm of Robert Moses efficiently cleared blocks of "sordid slums," the *Herald Tribune* editorially rhapsodized: "It is difficult to subdue one's enthusiasm for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's new East Side Housing Project enough to look for flaws . . . River views, park views, recreation space, trees, lawns—all this at $14 a room in strictly modern buildings!" The *Saturday Evening Post* was not to be outdone: "By examining Stuyvesant Town we can learn something about this new implement which offers a scheme whereby the people of any American city might be able to clean up not only slums but all their blighted areas." One looks for some sign of justice in the subsequent demise of these two voices of uncritical endorsement, but the truth is that the flourishing *Times* was no less enthusiastic in its praise for the "vision of Stuyvesant Town."

I said that Metropolitan Life was universally blessed. Well, not quite universally. Even in those days of remembered calm we had our dissidents. And, wouldn't you know it, the grumbling came from the blacks and their white fellow travelers. And for no better reason than that Metropolitan Life had a stated policy that no blacks were eligible for admission to Stuyvesant Town. "Negroes and whites don't mix," explained Metropolitan's chairman of the board. "Perhaps they will in a hundred years, but not now. If we brought them into this development, it would be to the detriment of the city, too, because it would depress all the surrounding property." The NAACP and liberal critics condemned Chairman Frederick Ecker as a man far behind the times. In fact he accurately reflected his time, and in 1970 we know, to our sorrow, he was ahead of his time.

Stuyvesant Town USA is more than the story of the struggle to achieve racial integration in one housing project. It is the unfolding of three decades of a continuing American tragedy. Through the tale of one housing project in one

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When someone somewhere cares, someone somewhere survives.

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city. Arthur Simon communicates the urban dilemma more effectively than do most studies that aspire to grander scale. Writing about Stuyvesant Town in 1946, *Fortune* magazine approvingly noted that its rationale "is to isolate itself insofar as possible from the surrounding neighborhood, which may be relatively unattractive to begin with or may deteriorate." Simon modestly writes, "This book is a footnote to the Kerner Commission's report." Better to say that *Stuyvesant Town USA* is a dramatic case history demonstrating the Commission's central conclusion: "Our nation is moving toward two societies, one black, one white—separate and unequal." I suspect the Governor of New Amsterdam would have approved of the project that bears his name and continues his mission of keeping the troublemakers in their place.

Arthur Simon is a pastor who has worked and lived for ten years in the "unattractive" part of the Lower East Side, south of Stuyvesant Town. His style of ministry, community organizing and writing is not spectacular; just specific, skilled and sustained. He knows better than most what it is that threatens the life of our cities, and he does not shrink from the radical nature of the cure. He writes with restraint, refusing to indulge in radical cant or revolutionary screed, and the restraint makes more severe and persuasive his indictment of America's Stuyvesant Towns. This is a good and solid book.

The Reform of Church

DONALD G. BLOESCH

Eerdmans, $4.95

RICHARD P. McBRIEN

Donald Bloesch, professor of theology at the Dubuque Theological Seminary, has produced a conservative, evangelical statement about the renewal and reform of the church. Its concern is pastoral, its tone is exhortatory, and its prescriptions are remarkably detailed.

He argues that the church faces two false options today: an otherworldly sectarian evangelicalism and a this-worldly secular theology. He regards the latter as the more serious threat to the integrity of the church.

Prof. Bloesch offers several suggestions to save Protestantism's ecclesiastical soul: (1) Revive genuine biblical preaching, which proclaims the saving victory won for us by Christ and which issues an uncompromising and persistent call to conversion and repentance. (2) Support the liturgical renewal, and, in particular, restore to their rightful places of centrality and/or prominence such sacramental items as Baptism, the Eucharist, private confession, and Confirmation. (3) Reestablish church discipline by prohibiting indiscriminate Communion, by setting and applying standards of catechetical training, and by reviving the practice of excommunication and heresy trials. (4) Encourage the charismatic renewal, with its expulsion of demons and its faith-healing (he has praise for Oral Roberts). (5) Revive the traditional disciplines of the spiritual life. And so forth.

Insofar as *The Reform of the Church* is in touch with the mainstream of Reformation thought, there is much in this volume that is wise and sensible. But in its broadest theological lines, the book is often disappointing.

The author does not move one inch from the traditional Barthian view that all revelation is Christian and, as such, is to be found only in the church and in its Scripture. Bloesch denies the possibility of salvation "apart from conscious personal faith in the living Christ" and he rejects every attempt, whether by Tillich, Niebuhr, Rahner, or Küng, to widen the scope of God's saving activity beyond explicit Christian faith.

The primary mission of the church, he insists, is "the preaching of the Gospel and the saving of souls" and this task is "essentially spiritual," i.e., it concerns "a kingdom that is not of this world." Accordingly, social action is always merely "a fruit and consequence of the mission of the church rather than an integral element in this mission."

Furthermore, the book also betrays a certain methodological naïveté. "The authority in a biblically based evangelism," he writes, "should be none other than the Word of God in Holy Scripture. God to be sure continues to speak and act today, but His speaking must be measured in the light of the biblical revelation which was given once for all times. The locus of revelation is not events of social change but the sacred history mirrored in the Bible." The hermeneutical problem is not even acknowledged.

Bloesch's blueprint for the recovery of the church's lost spirit might commend itself to many traditionalist Catholics, particularly if they choose to ignore a few critical references to Roman Catholic doctrine and mentality.

The author's occasional excursions into Roman Catholic thought and practice do not inspire confidence. For example, he tells us that the "main part" of the Mass is now in the vernacular; he says that Catholics believe that baptism effects "salvation" *ex opere operato*; and he implies that certain medieval attitudes toward the Mass are still generally current among Catholics, while conceding that a few progressive theologians are beginning to move away from these excesses.

This book undoubtedly has merit as a positive and constructive critique of contemporary American Protestantism, and as a serious attempt to bring the Catholic and Evangelical traditions into some new ecumenical combination. However, by reason of the book's style, content, and structure, I should think that it would appeal mainly to ministers and divinity students of the evangelical tradition.

The Time of Adam

ELIZABETH CULLINAN

Houghton Mifflin, $5.95

RICHARD ELMAN

A sense of mildly sweaty, suffocating discomfort pervades these otherwise seemingly antiseptic stories of intelligent, alive, but well-brought-up Catholic girls of the lower middle classes. It's never stated explicitly, but sugges-

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ted—a kind of randyness, and irritation over that randyness, and anger over that irritation, and shyness too—like heavy breathing in the midst of a musicale. We seem to know without ever being told directly that every one of their sensual glimmerings is going to be frustrated by a debilitating unease with themselves, or their friends, or their piously smug surroundings.

They are females but they are not quite women, and they know it, alas: At the 84th birthday party for the Barrett family's oldest friend, a dotty priest named Father Stone, oysters are served, and Nora again fails to make conversation with this gluttonous piece of self-righteous senility; bathing with a friend along the grey Irish coast another Cullinan heroine sits chilled inside her wet bathing suit rather than disrobe in front of a male who has already made her wonder at the rich sweet smell of his flesh so white it gave off "a density that made it look almost rosey."

Miss Cullinan writes of families who inhabit small neat suburban apartments where "space had become evasiveness" and Sunday morning "activity had taken the place of walls." For the most part she is an exacting and graceful writer. Since Henry James, few have bestowed as much love and irritation on the uptight, as much scorn and knowing mockery. It's as if she were wriggling free of a situation through the very act of writing about it. The class she writes about (chiefly for the *New Yorker*) was that class who were in the main, the servants of James' and Wharton's Wasp characters, and they still seem to thrive off the nostalgia of an old shame: at a birthday party for Mrs. Tierney's daughter, one little girl visitor is asked to sing. She renders "A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square" and then returns home with her sister to the family's dreary rooms, not quite an apartment but a flat of sorts lurking above the commodious empty private house of the harsh and lonely family matriarch.

Some of the stories in this collection seem like attempts of an earlier provenance to describe that interlocking system of family hatreds which Elizabeth Cullinan depicted with such brilliant good taste in her first novel, *House of Gold,* a Flaubertian description of the slow day's death of another Irish matriarch which was, at once, chilling, comic, moving, sensate. There are also bits of rather undigested nostalgia for putatively happy girlhood summers among the Catholic clans at the shore, as in the title story to this collection. But, at its best, her work here shows a further growth and development over what she was able to do in the novel. The best of this writing is uncompromising in its accuracy of portraiture, and remarkably alive to wit and feeling.

At the Barrett's dinner party for that old priest, we are informed that "when Mrs. Barrett spoke of God, Mr. Barrett became suspicious, as though God were an old rival he had replaced but not defeated and against whom his own shortcomings were always to be measured." As perceived by Nora, this brilliant and wise piece of gossipy characterization dramatizes the bitchy dissatisfaction which is felt so intensely by nearly every one of Elizabeth Cullinan's young heroines; for, with such ladies as Mrs. Barrett for feminine models, how can they help but be alarmed over what the future may hold for their own emotional developments?

As I say, nearly all of these stories (and many touching parts of *House of Gold*) are told as if to be truly sensate was to be young and Catholic and determined not to be your own mother, though you are never quite sure about how to go about being yourself; but, because she is so aware and fastidious as a dramatist of feeling and perception, Elizabeth Cullinan's stories are moving and always accessible to those who would like to think of themselves as being much less uptight. To the liberated male and female masquerades of our culture, she touches that lingering edge of discomfort, the wheedle of fear and guilt, that nerve beneath the outward skin of a mood, as if she is ourselves and we are she, more than we can ever be willing to admit. Her stories seem to purvey second-hand experience. To be authentic she is willing to seem uptight.

For, it is Nora, again, who will observe the "terrible blurred cloudy look" on the face of Father Stone and will not be able to decide if this is senility or mere fatigue and indigestion. But, now, she is seated alone with the family's oldest friend who, in her childhood, existed as a threat and a nightmare. Waiting for the ritual of family dinner to commence, her fear must be eventually stated and it is done, ironically, through the sudden intrusion of Nora's father who declares: "I was delighted to see you and Father Stone getting so close."

Perhaps it is a pity that one who, like Elizabeth Cullinan, is able to see so well has so far seen, in absolute terms, so very little; I am convinced that because she has committed herself to seeing and not ranting, Miss Cullinan will see more and more and her readers will continue to delight in the richness of her insights.

"BUT THEN *the Soviet reality is itself almost unendurable. The best stories, poems and novels cannot be published; they circulate among the writer's friends in manuscript. The best paintings cannot be exhibited, excellent films remain unseen, musicians play for small circles of intimates. And prison, labor camp and Siberia are ever-present possibilities. The atmosphere is literally Kafka.*"

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Present-day Concerns

DOES THIS NEW YEAR'S optimism in the American business community, and on the part of President Nixon, convincingly extend to the prospect for our neglected cities and the continuing nationwide struggle against poverty? What progress is there in curtailing the vast amounts of taxpayers' moneys now widely known to be wasted by the Pentagon? And what about the part drugs play in the revolt of our ghetto youth? Moreover, observers see additional instances of oppression in many sectors of the world. And in spite of gradual troop withdrawals and fewer American casualties, the tragic Vietnam war spreads in Laos and Cambodia, and goes on and on.

Current articles in these pages show *Commonweal's* intense concern over such matters. For example:

Robert Coles—*The Lord of the Ghettos*

Arthur Simon—*What's Needed for Housing*

John C. Cort—*Evolution of a Catholic Worker*

Patrick H. McNamara—*PADRES & The Chicanos*

Joseph Volz—*The Fate of a Watchdog*

Phil Tracy—*Getting Busted in New York*

Michael Novak—*The Greening of a Con-III-Man*

Saul Maloff—*The Soviet's Unhealed Wound*

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Bill Thompson—*Brooklyn's Haitian Exiles*

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Lead Editorial—*Defoliation—A Closed Case?*

Senator Edward M. Kennedy—*The Indochinese Casualties*

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STEINFELS

(Continued from page 390)

hours. Maybe Brother Innocent could drive him right to the White House?

After sixty-three hours of eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation, it was finally agreed that the Administration would take back the Vice-President if Brother Innocent and his fellow conspirators promised to write 12,000 letters to Hanoi about prisoners of war.

"I guess young people don't read O. Henry anymore the way we used to," mused the President.

The White House is reportedly now negotiating with the Little Sisters of the Poor to kidnap George Romney.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 387)

11] to set up Dorothy Day ("an island . . . silent and eternal") as a reproach to the other women ("mostly on the young side, fresh-faced and white, prosperous and well-fed") who attended the conference at Graymoor on women's liberation. Sainthood is as individual as personality and opportunity. Seventy-two years is indeed a long time to suffer loneliness, but loneliness has a beginning as well as a duration, and it may begin at 25, even before. Ask Dorothy Day.

Identity crises arise as much from indecision about what to *do* as from indecision about who we *are*. Sure enough, when we fail at a venture beyond our temperament and talents, we may have to reassess the latter. But the gravest crises arise when other people—superiors, communities, institutions, the current culture—refuse to let us try our dream.

As I, a mere man, read it, it is this refusal that the women's liberation movement is aimed at. It is trying to get society to be "open," so that women may be as free as men to use *all* of their aptitudes and talents, and thus follow *any* vocation.

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Dorothy Day found her vocation long ago. It is a heroic vocation. But she did not need to be "liberated" to follow it, it was acceptable to the world as women's work. The times call for a different form of charity: reducing the need for almsgiving by establishing institutions so designed that people will be able to help themselves and avoid the dehumanizing indignity of needing alms. This is the type of activity that interests fresh-faced young women today. But it has not been considered women's work.

Which type of charitable activity to engage in is not an either-or proposition. Both are needed. It is not more loving and courageous to give a poor man a meal, lodging, and a friendly hand than it is to sit down with tough-minded experts, businessmen, educators, or legislators and hammer out changes in attitudes, laws, and political, economic, or social institutions to reduce the number of the poor and helpless. Women should have the freedom to opt for either, depending solely upon their personal aptitudes and opportunities. Dorothy Day would not claim, with Doris Grumbach, that she is more "personally courageous" than the fresh-faced young women at the Graymoor conference.

God grace Dorothy Day. God grace each of the fresh-faced young women. Each has love, each faces the long loneliness, each can be a saint. We of the Christian community need each and should love and liberate all to follow God's personal call to them.

WILLIAM E. BROWN

Anonymous Priests

Denver, Colorado

To the Editors: Perhaps one of the greatest gifts necessary to our age of rapidity is that of the gift of prophecy. At one time, man had the time for concentrated reflection needed to bring about progressive change. That luxury is gone forever. To know in the present moment what to do and in which direction to move, beneficial to man, depends on one's vision of things yet to come and/or on another's vision. Father Glaser's insight into the possible reality of the anonymous priesthood is a striking example of just such a vision ["Anonymous Priesthood," Dec. 11].

The pivotal question asked by Father Glaser, "Is there such a thing as ordination of the Spirit?" and its subsequent implications if answered affirmatively are to be taken seriously. I do not intend to reiterate the brief but well-written arguments Father Glaser presents in his article. Readers may easily refer to it. Rather, I would like to cite a few examples from my own experience regarding the anonymous priesthood which I consider already a living reality.

On campus last summer, during an intensive discussion preceding a small group mass, a Protestant theologian asked the group if it could believe in the Eucharistic presence of Christ in the mass if he celebrated it. For some this was a shocking question and they were obviously unprepared and reluctant to answer either yes or no. For others, the element of shock existed in the realization that they could accept and believe in his mass. Like the "Bill" described in Father Glaser's article, this man also was considered by the group to be a charismatic leader.

Recently I attended a theology workshop. At one of our group discussions, a black man involved in diaconate service revealed some unusual situations evolving from his spiritual leadership. One example of this is that his people confess their sins to him, seeing in him a mediator of reconciliation. This has been a spontaneous outgrowth of his spiritual relationship with the people he serves. He has accepted this role as a response to their needs. Although this black leader considers himself a deacon, it is apparent that his role among the people is becoming more priestly. Most of us present seemed to agree to the validity of his activities regarding the forgiving of sins.

What does this say for the action of the Holy Spirit in our midst? If the existence of the anonymous priesthood is to be taken seriously, what future action is implied for the church? The church has never lacked prophets of vision or leaders of great spiritual insights. Perhaps Father Glaser is one of these. The church cannot choose to ignore the voices of the prophets among us. It is their call which illumines the future for us and directs us to those decisions and actions in the here and now for that future. The people of God must also be recognized as a "prophet" creating unusual solutions to deeply felt needs. Lastly the church must keep her sights so keen she will always recognize the presence of the Holy Spirit "who blows where he wills."

SR. FRANCESCA CAVALIERI, O.S.F.

What does theology have to do with liberation?

Gutierrez, Perez, Clarke, Morelli, Goulet, Coutinho, Seeley, Castro, Jaworski, Cox, Douglass, and others may have an answer.

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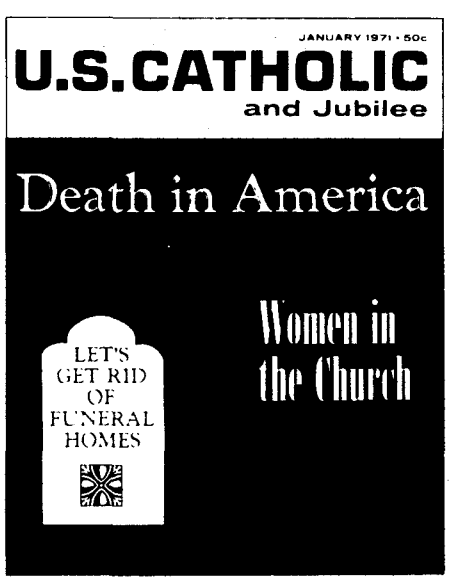

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